I never see the brightest eyes, and all their witchery

Is wasting ammunition, if its aim is hurting me; I never see the reddest lips, I'm proof against all smiles; I rather think I'm not the man for any wo-

I can sew on my own buttons, my stockings I

can mend,

And women's hands around my room are not what I intend;

I want no knitted, netted things, no traveling bags, no wraps, No slippers and no comforters, no painted

plaques, no caps.

I buy the things that I require ; so, ladies, hear me say, All such attentions spent on me are simply thrown away;

Bo shake your curis and give your gifts, bewilder all you can,
But just remember, if you please, that I am
not the man.

I've heard there's twenty-one old maids consider me there "fate" And clever widows five or six that wish with me

to mate; There's pretty school-girls who insist I "must have had some loss,"

And say I'm so "romantio" when I'm only tired

But, ladies, all attentions from this date I hope will crase;
The only favor that I ask, is to be left in peace;
For I consider one thing sure as anything can I will not marry any girl, and none shall marry me.

That's just exactly what he said about a year Now, if you could but see his rooms, they are a perfect show Of netted things, and knitted things, and painted plaques and screens.

Of photographs of famous men, and Beauty's living queens;
While on the hearth-stone sits his wife—she's

awe t and good, I know.

And if you tell him of the words he said a year ago, He answers you, without a blush, "Ola, that's the usual way; No one believes a single word old bachelor-

may say ; When the right anget comes along, they marry any day.

-EDITOR'S DRAWER, in Barper's Mayani

# Ezech Elchanan.

a brutal liking for their wives and then

the frightened creature on would slar

her tender face with his big, rough hands

and cry; "You are pale Rebecca, but I

The Jews feared this brute, not for

to him in a moment's time, and for the

young womanhood, and the man had in

Without a moment's besitation the be

sotted Pole broke in the window, and

crawling through the sash and trans-

drunken brute, 'and then, by the ar-

"Away! away from his violence!"

The excitement was at its height,

The drunken wretch had dragged the

screaming girl to the brink of the well

and was about to throw her into the

whose members devoted all their life

With a string of horrible oaths the Pole turned on him, "What business

have you to interfere, soulless dog of a

on a couch, "Oh, Ezech, what have you done!

what have you done!" cried the weeping

girl, covering her streaming eyes with her hands.

wife !"

their windows,

near this maiden."

the ground.

will paint your pretty cheeks,"

harm he could do through them.

Smolensk and Wilna, and were moving south toward Lemberg. And now appeared Charles Gustavus of Sweden on the battle-field, his army and dissatisfied obility in open arms, AN OLD POLISH LOVE STORY, TRANSLATED As the Swedes neared Warsaw King FROM THE GERMAN OF SACHER MASOCH

John Casmur withdrew into Silesia, His troops banded together in the capi BY GAY VAY. tal, but could only offer a weak resist It was on the day of the Carnival, ance. Here it was that Ezech Elchanan when fun, and even pretty rough fun, was indulged in, that a drunken villeer first distriguished himself. In the thickest of the fight a Swedish officer of the king's army staggered through rave the order for his troops to make a the Jewish quarter of Cracow. It was intge. The Poles were well nigh van with difficulty be kept his feet; and ocput-bed and the officers, almost fatigued casionally, as he went along singing in death were ready to surrender. The an unsteady voice or loudly enrsing the Swede had not time to finish his com-Hebrews, he would enter a merchant's and, for quick as a lightning flash Rebanan flew at him, tore him from his stall and pull its trembling occupant out into the street and strike him with the se, and bore him a prisoner through flat of his heavy sword. His hatved for the Jews, which had been inaugurated the bleeding, fighting ranks, When Warsaw was taken most of the and augmented by service under Het Poles went over to the Swedish King; man Bogdan Ehmielnitzki, in Ukraine and in Galicia, where thousands who under cover of night took refuse of that unfortunate race had been merwith Ezech Eichman in the Monastery cilessly butchered, turned, however, to of Ezenstochowo. Swedes and Russians

overran all Poland and the King had daughters when they appeared. To lost his throne. these he displayed his gallantry by pull-When the last awful battle was over ing away the frontlets of such as came and Ezech, who had fought like a lion, within his reach, or by tearing the silk caftan that enveloped some pretty form. He would catch a trembling all covered with blood, sank down to himself, the noble Augustine Konlezki, prior of the order of Pauline. Jewess roughly by the arm and pollute approached him and, taking his hand, with his brandy-laden lips the sweet, ani warmiy:

red, pleading mouth innocently turned "Jew, you well deserve the name of up to him, and before he would leave Pole, May heaven reward your bravery," A number of the faithful soldiers gathered at Ezenstochowo and, under the guidance of this great priest, prayed for the delivery of their beloved land, Their example was followed by others, himself, but for the troops he could call Soon it was know throughout the whole Kingdom; and as an answer to their prayers their force increased He staggered here and there, and at until at the end of the eventful last came to the house of the merchant year, on the twenty-ninth day of Deprince, Jonas. Here the door was sudsember, 1655, a confederation against denly closed upon him and locked; but Luna, the pretty daughter of Jones, was Charles of Sweden was informed and the beloved King John was recalled. Now unfortunate enough to show her face, Ezech was in part rewarded for his serjust beginning to bear the beauty of vices. He was made an officer and called, after his native city, Cracowsky. The King took his place at the head of stantly formed an idea. In a moment he was at the window, where he had seen for an instant the frightened face, his reunited army, and with his generals made a breve stand against the enemy. Luna, trembling with fear, hid herself the leeky moment King John obtained the aid of Denmark, and the war soon behind some bales of merchandise, ended, though not before our new-named here had acquired fresh glory; and when, with the treaty of Praga, ling under foot the prostrate form of the hostilities ceased, he found himself com-

black, silken hair, and dragged her half-fainting, toward the well. by all the army,

From position in the field he came to "I'll christen you," shricked the position at court. He was spoken of in every household, and praise went with rows of holy Sebastian, you'll be my his name from the lowest to the highest, The Queen heard of his noble service and wanted to see him, so one day cried the Jews in the streets and from she sent him a letter telling him to come to her, that she had a favor to grant him. According to her wish, Elchanan appeared before her privately, and bowing low, sank on one knee. The Queen, majestically reclindeep, freezing water, when, with a startling cry, a young man of twenty dashed out of the crowd, and rushing toward the fainting girl clasped her about the waist and tore her from the hands of her heartless persecutor. ing on a divan, bade him rise and be gan: "Elchanan-Cracowsky, you are a favorite among our young women. Are you aware of it?"

Elchanan blushed deeply. "How modest you appear-almost too It was Ezech Elchanan, Luna's brave modest for a soldier and a Polish commander! You have no cause," continued lover, a scholar of the order known in those days by the name of Backow, the Queen, "to blush at your tri-umplis. Promise to hear me. I have a request to make and a favor to grant mind and labor to the Mosaic law, the Talmud and the Cabala, All the Jews "It will be my lightest task," he knew him, and he was a favorite of all.

plied, "to do your every bidding."
"Then promise me to do this." "Willingly, as soon as I hear your Majesty's command," answered El-

"Give me back the girl! Dare not to "How farsighted you have become touch me," quietly answered Elchanan, said the Queen. You were not so on the battlefield. This is my wishhis black eyes flashing, "and don't come "You threaten me, unbeliever?" shrieked the officer, wild with rage, at that you be christened, and, if you would please us all, take the rich and beautiful Fraulcin Elizabeth for your the same time striking at the brave royal wife.

His only answer, and the last he ever Excel blushed again, but now there was a preud, longing look in his piere received, was a terrible blow on the head from the fist of Ezech. The Pole tottered and fell, and lay motionless on ing eyes,
"Pardon me, your Highness, if I must refuse," he said; "but I have a

more to say. But if she has given the heart you claim as yours to another, then you must do as I have asked."

at the sacrifice of a heartless murderer,"

was the proud answer of the brave lover.

own," said the girl bravely drying her tears, "but what will become of you, oh,

what will become of you? If they find

you here they will pull the house down

nanage the rest " said Elchanan.

called her father and her old servant,

daughter sheared him of his beautiful

black, curly hair. The servant was sent

threa libre caftan. The servant soon re-

It was not a moment too soon. Scarcely

had be time to kiss his sweetheart's

soft, red lips and whisper a fond good-

by, when there was a noise that shook

the house, the front door flew open, and

a body of soldiers rushed in and de-

manded the murderer. While the men

im in the wagon. Without further ad-

venture be finally reached the capital

city of Warsaw, where at some mer-chant friends of his father he reappeared

in his usual attire, and on the same day he joined the ranks of the Polish king's

It was in the year 1655, in the stirring

mes when King John Casimir was be-

ot by enemies on all sides and fought

almost simultaneously with Russians

and Cossachs, Charles X. of Sweden

and his ally, and with Rakoezy of Tran-sylvania. Poland was on the brink of

dissolution. Already the Russians, with

their Cossack confederates, had taken

army as a private.

the young man.

"You have done right, my hero, my

"I am satisfied; you have my word of and respectfully kissing the hand that was given him, the soldier left the room. It was a stormy November night; the

to get you; and oh, to think of my noble champion being torn asunder on the east wind howled dismally through the streets of Cracow and a deep snow cov-"I must escape from here," answered ered the ground. There was a sudden knock at the door of the merchant "But how, and where to?" asked Jonas, and as the old man opened it two well-clothed persons entered. They were "Help me out of Cracow, and I will evidently Jewish merchants, come from a distance. One wore a large, heavy cloak, and as Jonas conducted them into Luna thought for a moment, then the room, this one stood himself in the shadow of an angle and anxiously eyed While the father shaved Ezech, the the Jew's beautiful daughter, who sat languidly gazing out of a window into to kill some poultry. Then they put on the young man a faded head-band, an the stormy night. The man in the shadow watched the beautiful profile as one gazes on a dear friend he has not old working-woman's dress and a large en for years, while the other seated turned with a large basket, containing inself near Luna's side and stated the several killed geese. The transformed Exach took this on his arm, and Luna led him out a back way to the street,

ause of the visit. "I have been sent," he said, "from Abraham, the rich son of Nathan, in Kiev, to ask for the bestowal of the white hand and pure heart of Luna, the ir daughter of the rich and industrious Jonas, on Ephraim, the son of Abraham, and grandson of Nathan, to be a right unto his knowledge and a director unto

were searching and swearing through the house Elchanan, the old goese wo-men, made his way safely to the river, "A great honor," said Luna, rising. proud, beautiful, yet modest as maid can be, 'but were he never so wise and righ nd was taken across to the opposite hore in a leat. Here he seen met a armer's team. The farmer could not ad beautiful, I could not marry him. "And, pray, why not?" smilingly asked the messenger. withstand the pleadings of a tired old woman, so he allowed Ezech to ride with

The proud answer came quickly: "Beuse I am the promised wife of Ezech Elchanan, who, for a crime he committed in saving my life, became an out-cast and a wanderer." And, bursting into tears at the recollection of the sad event, the faithful girl concluded: "He has my heart, he has my love, and no

other can ever win them."

Elchanan could wait no longer.

Throwing off the closk that enveloped he stepped out of the shadow toward his sweetheart.

"Etchanan! my lover! Oh, El-mian!" cried the loving girl, putting rself in the strong arms that were held or her, "My darling have you come ack to me?" And the tears of sorrow greed to tears of blessed joy.

Jonas had the good sense to withdraw. d with a business air asked the soldier mpapion, who had acted his part so to take a glass of wine with him in other room, leaving the lovers alone their happiness.

The next evening all was life and gayety in the Hebrew Quarter. The use of Jonas was a plaze of light, disaying flags and many colored decortions. From noon till far into the aght trumpets, flutes and drums told neow that two happy hearts were oined as one. The faithfur maid be-ame the faithful wife; the gallant lover made the loving husband, When the Queen of Poland received

Ezech's answer the joyous news that and said: "Too bad, too bad. I would have made him a nobleman, but his love was true. Too bad."

A LAWYER'S DEMOVAL. Say, you all-come here, quick !" 'What's up?" "Fun! Here's a lawyer going to

The boy was correct, A lawyer was hanging his office. Some men who ever seen a lawyer remove gathered around with the boys to watch proceed-

An old man with a lame back and woman blind in one eye constituted he force. They first brought down a able, inkstained, scratched, cut and one eg broken. A second-hand man remarked that it might be worth thirty

Next came a book case, one drawer gone, all the glass broken, and one door hanging by a single hinge. The value of this was set down at \$3.25. Then came articles, described and valued as

	ACCUSED AND A SECOND ASSESSMENT OF THE PERSON AND ADDRESS OF THE PERSON ADDRESS OF THE PERSON AND ADDRESS OF THE PERSON AND ADDRESS OF THE PERSON ADDRESS OF THE PERSON ADDRESS OF THE PERSON ADDRESS OF THE PERSON AND ADDRESS OF THE PERSON ADDRESS OF THE PERSON ADDRESS OF THE PER		
ı	corpet	1	2
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1	Ink.		
1	Legal Cap		1
ı	Alpaca cost		7
J	Ten straw hats		9
ı	Spittoons		3
ı	Chairs		1
	State Laws	6	
	State major		1
	Total	11	G

After the second-hand man had sharp ned a peneil and made some figures on of brown paper a bootblack intuired the sum total "I make the whole thing \$15.45," he

merchant, caught Luna by her long, t mander of a regiment, brave and beloved "Is that all? And is he a first-class Lawyer?" "I believe he is,"

"Woof! that settles me! I've go \$20 in the bank, and to-morrow I'll snake this kit and set up a law shop?"-Detroit Free Press

# Sheridan's Fox Hunt.

General Badeau, in an article in the February Century, tells this story of Sheridan: During the winter he remained near Winchester, but as soon as the roads and the rains allowed, Grant directed him to push once more up the Valley—this time not to return. He was to advance in the direction of Richmond, destroying the railroads in every direction, as well as all the stores that ould possibly be of use to the enemy, In order to conecal his purpose, Sheri lan resorted to one of those ingenious levices in which he was unrivaled since the days of Hannibal. He learned that the people of the neighborhood were fond of hunting, and encouraged his staff to make their acquaintance and talk of foxes and hounds, A pack of hounds was found, and a day set for the chase. The hounds were brought into Winchester, the horses were shod, and Il the talk of the country around was of Sheridan's hunt. On the appointed day the whole neighborhood came to the neet, the General and his staff conspicuous. The start was made and the un was good, but the General and staff went further than the Virginians, and the army followed. They rode after the enemy, and never returned. The strat-agem had kept all news of Sheridan's in-

### A TRUE FAIRY STORY.

In a large and beautiful castle lived three sisters. The two oldest were handsome and proud, and their names were Mary Maud and Mand Marian. The youngest was neither handsome nor proud, and her name was Triste. Triste, as you know, means sad or afflicted, and this Tristo was named for her condition. She had once had a prettier name -Rosabel, in fact, -but everybody now called her Triste the Sad. She stayed in a small room, without windows, at the very top of room, without windows, at the very top of the castle, as far away as she could possibly get from the singing and laughing, and music and all the good times that were continually going on in the gardens and rooms below, where her sisters lived. Here in this little dark room, when it was morning, poor Triste would always say, "Would God it were even-ing," and when it was evening she would always say, "Would God it were morning;" and there two remarks were all the remarks

s and made her ugly and deformed. She bunches and swellings, she was limpy trembling, and her face—well, if you durted and criscrossed and zigzaged through one would not suppose that a little thin so Triste stayed in her dark room, and male her morning and her evening romark day after day, while Mary Maud and Maud Marian went to the balls and the tournaments the leasts. Whenever the sounds of the and music from below where loud sight to reach Triste's room as the top of castle, she would throw her face into her de and weep, and the weeping and the ing her two remarks were all the amuse onts she had. But after a while something wonderful

ppined. One morning as Tristo was sitting in room wishing it was evening, she heard a w sound. It was not the mirth and music, was not the clumsy-footed servant bring-g up the dreadful gruels, it was something coming up the winding-stairs with a rap-tapping noise. The taps came on, and finally Triste's door opened and a little old, bent-over woman with a walking-stick came in. The little old woman's face was white and wrinkled, her hair was white as snow, but eyes were black and so very bright that they lit up a space around her like a couple of candles and made Triste's dark room quite light. The little old woman tapped three times on the floor with her walking stick and looked round the room. "I am your god-mother," she said, when she saw Triste up in the extrer; "you don't remember me, but I remember you; I didn't forget you, my poor child."

"Oh, would God it were evening!" said

"Oh, would God it were evening?" said Triste, trying to be sociable, and meaning, perhaps, "Good-morning," or "How do you do?" or something like that.

"Hark ye, goddaughter," said the godmether, "do you want to go to the tournament with your sisters? Do you want to sit down at the feasts: Do you want to have the brave young knights and princes, with their now white plumes and their coal-black-chargers, come riding to woo you as they come to woo your sisters? To you want to sing! Do you want to laugh? Do you want to dance?" Then Triste put her head into her hands and began to cry by way of varying the so-

ibility. "Stop your crying, goddaughter," said the godmather, tapping her three taps on the floor again, and as Triste raised her head she shows upon her with her beautiful eyes and dried up the tears, and while her eyes were shining she went on taking: "I was your godmother when you were christened flosal el. When the Evil Eye struck

you and cursed you, and you were turned into Triste the Sad. I did not desert you like into Triste the Sad. I did not desert you like the others. I have been wandering over the world over since to find the Falry that could take off the curse of that Evil 17c. I have wandered, wandered—oh, how I have wandered! I was hand-ome, and straight as a polar tree; I am old and crooked, but I do not care.—I have found the Falry. It can from me, it then, it hid, it went up and down, it was never there was a large to be the same of the large tree was a large to the large tree was a large tree to the large tree was a large tree to the large tree was a large tree was a large tree to the large tree was a large t it was never there when I put my hand on it but I got it at last. And the got mother tapped her three taps, and laughed three merry laughs, that ran round the wrinkles in her face like streams of quickshire. "I found it, I put it into a bottle and corked it

down tight: I have brought it to you."

The godmother drow from under the traveltationed cloak a bottle, in which was a white
Fairy dimpling and sparkling and making
funny little fairy bows and g stures. The goinother laughed her three merry, quick-silvery haughs ugain as she hed it up and looked at it. "It is meek and quiet enough now," she said. "When a Fairy is once caught it gives up. It will perform its mis-sion. Do as it bids you and it will take off the curse of that Evil Eye."

hand, and before Triste had got over being perfectly dazed at the gift, the god-mother was tapping down the winding-stair with her walking stick, and Triste was left alone with the bottled Fairy. How long it took her to get over being daned; how soon she released the Fairy from the bottle; what it said and what it did, first,

the bottle: what it said and what it did, first, second, and last, we can all put into fairy history for ourselves. However and whatever the ways and means, it is certain that those frolleaone aches and pains, which had reade of Triste their exercise grounds and camping places, were routed out, hip and thigh, little and big. She stopped making her two remarks and learned some new enes. And she began to tire of her room without windows; and she got so crave and strong that she would conclines at high, when the that she would sometimes at night, when the gard n was still and dark, wrap herself all round and steal down the winding stair, to wak under the trees, and to look at the stars and the moon. From looking at the stars and the moon she

From looking at the stars and the moon see wanted to look at the sun. And one glad da, right in the very brightest sunshine, Trate walked boidly into the garden. The bird were singing, the flowers were blooming, the lakes the trees, the fountains—every-man and sealers of the started started and sealers. She the was glorious and wonderful. She he— and so bappy she did not know wheth-er if was the birds she heard singing, or some kind of mucle within herself. She stopped be ide a fountain, and as she glanced in the silver water smiled back to her with a fresh, happy face—such a fresh, happy face, so free from these old deformities and marks of the Evil Eye, that Triste cried out for joy; and yet such a wonderful chance it was she did not half believe it was her own reflection she saw in the water.

did not half believe it was her own reflection she saw in the water.

She did not half believe it until the old godmother came from behind some shrubberv, laughing her quicksilvery laughs fast and load, and saying, "Ho! he! he! Rosabe!! Rosabe!" whenever she got a chance between the laughs. And Mary Maud and Maud Macian, who happened to be walking in the garden, heard the laughing and came to the fountain, and when they saw and understood they pressed Triste in their arms, crying for loy over her, and calling her their beautiful Rosa.

And so it was ever afterwards Mary Mand.

And so it was ever afterwards, Mary Maud, Mand Marian, and Rosabel were the three sisters that lived in the eastle. Triste the sad was never more heard from. The little room at the top of the castle was locked up, and the key lost former. When Resabel went up to take a last look at her old room she found that the dear little Fairy had departed, but on the deserted bottle had left its name.—Fig. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

parted, but on the deserted bottle had left its name,—Ir. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

The above is perfectly true in all but the thin varnish of its setting forth, and, indeed, the truth in it has considerably orackled and rubbed off even that thin coating. Do we not all know sad sillicted ones, to whom life is a curse on account of painful and deforming disease? Restless, discouraged souls, who say in the morning, "Would God it were eventus:" and in the evening, "Would God it were worning:" and in the evening, "Would God it were morning:" fragging out their weary days with no expectation of anything better this side of the grave.

If Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will do what it claims to do it is surely a golden sift to bumanity: that it will do exactly what it claims hardly admits of a doubt, if we take into consideration the responsibility and position of its voucher, and the thousands of most trustworthy witnesses to its wonderful cower to their individual cases.

Dr. Pierce is well known to the general public near the search feet of the general public near the search feet of the search fee

"Tarton me, your inguness, it is nessent the ground.

"Instantly the cry came from all quarters: "Is he dead? Has he killed the bornte?"

Excel turned the man over, looked into the pale, upturned face for a moment, then said quietly, "He is dead. So be it."

Loud cries of "flee" filled the air; windows closed, doors banged, locks were sprung, and soon not a soul was to be seen. Excel carried the fainting Luna, pale as a lily, to the house and into her? "Five long years," was the sorrowful answer, where he placed her tenderly on a concelt.

"Oh, Excel, what have you done!"

"Oh, Excel, what have you done!"

"Oh, Excel, what have you done!"

"In a word in the pale of the parlor while receiving calls on New Year's Day; and the erndite editor spiled that if her pet poodle was the chamber, where he placed her tenderly of the queen still looked at the young girl, covering her streaming eyes with her hands.

"In and never returned. In each agem had kept all news of Sheridan's in-tagem had kept all news of Sherida

many of the most dangerous and painful maindles of humanity. The list of diseases for which he recommends the "Discovery" is necessarily large, since it must take in all the shoots and branches that spring from these root diseases, each shoot and branch having its particular name and manifestation, and its restrictions described the second paint danger to its particular name and manifestation, and its particular degree of pain and danger to the human system. It takes in thus our consumptions, our kidney diseases, our sick-headaches, our heart diseases, the whole long loathsome list of what are called "bad blood" diseases, our dyspepsias, dropsies, agues, asthmas, and many others, by far too numerous to mention.

asthmas, and many others, by far too numerous to mention.

The Discovery has been tried and proved, and is now solidly established upon its own merits. Scarcely a town or village from which some testimonial of its use and value has not been received. Many of those testifying say that after having spent hundreds of dollars upon medicines and physicians, and their cases having been pronounced hopeless, the Golden Medical Discovery has raised thom to health and strength. It unquestionably has grappled with thousands of "hard cases" in the form of disease, and come off victor, and Dr. Pierce has the spoils of conquest in the way of increased reputation and quest in the way of increased reputation and the thanks and blessing of eured and rejoing humanity. Dear, hesitating, sick reader, you are suffering the same kind of ills from you are suffering the same kind of ills from which thousands of others have been relieved by the Golden Medical Discovery, perhaps it will not cure you. You may be differently constituted from other people; your system may be constructed on a new and original plan, and work on peculiar methods and principles. But after all, it is quife probable that you are made a good deal like other folks, and that what will cure there will under about the area conditions. others will, under about the same conditions, cure you. If you use the Golden Medical Discovery your name will soon go down on the long list of the cured and rejoicing. The Buddhists have a pretty fable of a tree, called the red tree of Koumboum, each leaf called the red tree of Koumboum, each leaf
of which bears in relief a letter, all the letters
spelling out a poem to Buddha, and this
vegetable poem being beautifully varied
year after year as the tree renewed its
oliage. If the vegetable life, whatever it
may be, from which Dr. Pierce gets the
wonderful remedial agents of his Golden
Medical Discovery, were thus to spell out the
rejoicing of those it had blessed, we should
have a poem to match that of the red tree of
Koumboum like it varying taself season by umboum, like it varying itself season by son as new cases and causes of rejoicing

### A Corner on Ice.

The first man to strike the corner where the porter had thrown a pail of water over the flag-stones and produced a glare of ice was an insurance agent. He slid to the right, clawed to the left, clutched at a sunbeam and went down with the exclamation: "Hanged if I don't!" He rose up to jaw and threaten and collect a crowd and almost lick somebody, and he went away stirred up

The next man was a tailor-tall, spare and solemn. His toes all of a sudden turned out, his left leg was lifted, and he spun once and a-half round before he went down with the remark: "I knew it would happen!" He got up to hurry along out of sight, and it was easy to see that he had calculated on about so many falls for the winter.

The next was a fleshy man with a

emiling face and an air of good nature, He didn't lese any time going down, and when he struck he realized that he had hit something. And yet what he said was: "Is it possible!" He got up slowly, forced a grin as the boys chaffed him, and looked back three times to make sure that he hadn't made a hole which would prove a man-trap for other pedestrians,

The next was a bank clerk with a pencil over his ear and a preoccupied mind, He was swinging his right hand and rushing right ahead when he suddenly saw billions of stars shining in the morning sky. His first thought was that somebody was celebrating Fourth of July; his next was to scramble up and search for an asylum where he could hunt up his collar-button and splice his suspenders. Not a word escaped him until he was a block away. Then he remarked: "At 6 per cent, it would be

The next man was a strapping big fellow with an ulster on and a red silk handkerchief hanging out of a pocket, He began a sort of shuffle as he struck the spot, increased it in a minute to a regular "breakdown," and finally went down with a whoop that was heard half a block away. He was up in a moment, Diagonally across the street he saw a man in an express wagon. The boys called to him that he had lost his red handkerchief and that his nose would sadly miss it, but he would not wait, He strode across the street and up to the wagon, and as he hauled off and hit the driver a stinger on the ear he growled

"There, hang you! That makes us even !" "What even ?" shouted the victim, a

he rose up and adjusted his cap, but the other was gone, - Detroit Free Press.

# Waterbury's Shirt.

Mrs. Bullard Waterbury is a very masculine kind of a woman, while Mr. Waterbury is just the reverse, being one of the mildest men in Austin. It is stated as an historical fact that not long since, Mr. Waterbury being ill and confined to his bed, he exhibited a hesitancy about taking his dose of

"Take that medicine, Bullard," said the wife. "It's too bitter."

"Take that medicine, Bullard," and she sat down at his bedside and removed her slipper. Bullard took the medicine like a lit

tle man. Yesterday Bullard Waterbury was calling attention to his shirt, which was very neatly made, and which he said,

with pride, was made by his wife.
"Did she make the entire shirt?" asked Gilhooly, carelessly. "Every stitch of it." "Well, I didn't know. I heard that

she always collared and cuffed you, but

I didn't know whe made the rest of the

### THE MARKETS. NEW YORK.

Corros-Middling ...... 10% Flour-Good to Choice .... 3

	WHEAT-No. 2 Red Conn-No. 2	*.*.	10834 63%
1	OATS-Western Mixed		41%
2000	Pone—New Mess		18 00
	FLOUR-Patent process 7	25 @	7 75
i	Choice 6	00 @	6 25
9	Family 5		
3	WHEAT-No. 2	@	1 21
8	f onn-White milling, carlots	(0)	7236
9	OATS-Sacked	@	50
d	Pone-Clear rib sides	@	10%
a	Sugar cured hams	@	18%
	LARD—Refined	@	10%
Ĝ	Live Stock-Horses, plugs., 50	9 00 6	
	Combination 150 Mules, 14 to 15 hands 90	0 00 @	
ä	Corron-Good middling	(0)	
7	Middling	ě	1036
ì	Low middling	ä	10
ì	NEW ORLEANS		-
	Corron-Middling	0	10%
ē	Low middling	@	10 1-16
-	Good ordinary		934
	LOUISVILLE.		100
1	FLOUR-Extra family	5 90@d	5 25
1	A No. 1	5 40@	
1	WHEAT-No. 2 red winter	1 03@1	
١	Conn-No. 2 white		66
١	OATS-Western	43(64	
ı	Ponx -Mess		8 25
ı	Clear ribs	@8	
ı	8. C. Hams	1834	101
ŀ		***	-

Jay Gould as an Organizer.

Oliver Ames asked Jay Gould how with such apparently frail health he could manage such a world of business as his vast possessions represent. Mr. Gould faintly smiled and replied:

"Is it difficult for you to manufac ture shovels? Do you worry about each slovel and each man's work?' "Oh, no;" said Mr. Ames. "I have got that so organized that the business

runs itself. It doesn't give me any "Exactly," said Mr. Gould, it gives me no more trouble to handle my bus-iness than it does you to handle yours. I have organized the whole machinery so that I get results before me every

day of what is being done, and the whole thing is very simple when it comes into my hands." This was a characteristic reply and gives a little light upon the great mag-nate's methods. Everything is clean cut and simple in his business arrange ments. He has, by degrees, strengthened his force of lieutenants so that he can trust the honesty and sagneity of his various managers, and he holds them in firm business discipline, giving them to understand that he is in the business of running railroads to make money, and that anything for which they are responsible that interferes with this end will cost them their places.

Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator has a repu tation equal to any medicine in the world.

What a rich man uses and gives constitutes

The North American Indians, especially the Seneca tribe, made such frequent use of petroleum that for many years it assonly known as Seneca Oil. Now it is known as Carboline, the Wonderful Hair Benewer.

He she cares only for himself in youth will be very niggard in manhood, and a wretched miser in old age. J. Hawes.

"It quiets the patient, and ultimately cur him." A late ecomium on Samaritan Nervine.

It is the sausage manufacturer who makes

Mr. Oliver Myers of Ironton, O., says: Sa marilan Nervine cured me of general debility Give work rather than alms to the poor. The ormer drives out indolence, the laster try.-Cumberland

Piles! Piles! Piles. Sure cure for Blind, Bleeding and Itching rears' standing. No one need suffer five mi tesafter using William's Indian Pile Ointmer It absorbs tumors, allays itching, acts as por-tice, gives instant relief. Prepared only f Piles, itching of private parts. Mailed for \$1. Frazier Med. Co., Cleveland, O.

There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of rec iving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them to others. Sir W. Temple.

A Remedy for Lung Diseases, Dr. Robert Newton, late president of the Eclectic college, of the city of New York, and formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, used Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam very extensively in his practice, as many of his patients, now living and restored to health by the use of this invaluable medicine, can amply testify. He always said that so good a remedy ought to be prescribed freely by every physician as a sovereign remedy in all cases of lung diseasea. It cures consumption, and has no equal for all pec-toral complaints.

True repentance consists in the heart being roken for sin and broken from sin. Some often repent, yet never reform; they resemble a man traveling in a dangerous path, who fre quently starts and stops, but never turns aside.

Pure Cod Liver Oil, from selected fiver on the sea shore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declars it superior to all other oils

Chappe I hands, face pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Cas-well. Hazard & Co., New York. Affectation is certain deformity; by forming themselves on fantastic models the young be-gin with being ridiculous; and often end in being victions.—Biair.

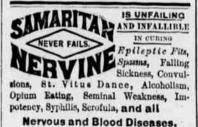
Ladies' and children's Boots and Shoes cannot over if Lyon s Patent Heel Stiffers are used.

Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased in doing

good, Though the ungrateful subjects of their favors

Boware of the incipient stages of Consump-tion. Take Piso's Cure in time.

Show me a people whose trade is dishonest, and I will show you a people whose religion is a sham.—Froude.



To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary Men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all whose sedentary employment causes Nervous Pros-tration, Irregularities of the blood, stomach, bowels or Klineys, or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulant, Samaritan Nersine is invaluable.

THE GREAT NERVE ed a sinking system.
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Oth. solid baw, 56 ft. brilling can't hooks, rig complete
for operation, on cars. \$1,10t. Engine on skits. \$10
ess. Send for circular 151. B. W. PAYNE &
BONS, Manufacturers of all styles Automatic Engines, from 2 to 50 H. P. also Pulleys, Haugers and
Sasting, Elmira, N. Y. Box 1850.



. It was one of the peculiarities of the old-fashioned Doctors that they aever would tell patients what they were prescribing for them. They said t would do the patients no good to know, and that it would only be grati-

lying a foolish curiosity. In order to keep patients from knowing, they would write the prescriptions in dog-Latin, so that most patients could not read them. All that sort of thing is now over. The patient wants to know what he takes. He is weak, and wants to be strong, or he is dyspeptic, and wants to digest well. • Or he has a troublesome liver which he wants to put to rights. So he takes Brown's Iron Bitters about which there is no mystery at all. This is the best preparation of iron in the world, in combination with gentle yet efficient tonics. It gives strength. It builds up enfeebled systems. It enriches imparished blood. It removes feminine weaknesses. It casts out debility. It is what you want, and your drugoist

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The fact is well understood that the MEXICAN MUS-TANG LINIMENT is by far the best external known for man or beast. The reason why becomes an "open secret" when we explain that "Mustang" penetrates skin, flesh and muscle to the very bone, removing all disease and soreness. No other lini-ment does this, hence none other is so largely used or does such worlds of good.

Home Items.

-"Ail your own fault
If you remain sick when you can
Get hop bitters that never—Fail. -The weakest woman, smallest child, and ckest invalid can use hop bitters with safe;

and great good.

Old men tottering around from Rheumstism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be denot new by using hop bitters.

My wife and daughter were made beauty. and great good. by the use of hop bitters and I recommen them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman

Ask any good doctor if hop Bitters are not the best family medicin -Malarial fever, Ague and Billousnes will leave every neighborhood as soon as he

bitters arrive. -"My mother drove the paralysis and genraligia all out of her system with hop bit-ters."—Ed. Osneego Sun.
--Keep the kilneys healthy with hop bit-ters and you need not fear sickness.

—Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

The vigor of youth for the aged and in-firm in hop bitters!

-"At the change of life nothing equals
-"At the change of life nothing equals "The best periodical for ladies to take monthly and from which they will receive the greatest benefit is hop bitters."

-Mothers with sickly fretful, nursing children, will cure the children and beauti themselves by taking hop bitters daily. Thousands die annually from some form of kidney discuse that might have been ; vented by a timely use of hop bitters. Indigestion, weak stomach, irregular, ties of the bowels, cannot exist when hop his ters are used.

A timely \* \* \* use of hop Bitters will keep a whole family In robust health a year at a little cost. —To produce real genuine sleep and child-fike repose all night, take a little hop bitter on retiring. -That indigestion or stomach gas at night,

preventing rest and sleep, will disappear by using hop bitters. -Paralytic, nervous, trenulous old lada are made perfectly quiet and sprightly by sing hop bitters.

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